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PUCK'S MIDSUMMER TRAIN-BOY.



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Editor - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, July 16th, 1890.—No. 697.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

SUMMER is the true vacation-time. Our Christmas holidays are only a forced rest at the end of the year's long journey. We stop just for a brief space, to drink a Christmas health, to warm our hands at the yule fire, to toss off another bumper to the New Year in sight, and off we start again on the same old round. But it is in the Summer-time, when the leaves are green and the ways are dusty, when the birds sing just for the sake of singing, and not for gain or fame, like our sordid singers who pretend to have souls, when a breeze can blow all fog and mustiness out of our brains—it is in the Summer-time that our hearts open to poor humanity's natural craving for a chance to loaf.

If, at this pleasant season, the office-boy comes to us, saying, "My grandmother lies at the point of dissolution in West One-hundred-and-ninety-third Street; let me go to her and discharge the last offices of respect and grateful affection ere her gentle spirit wings its unimpeded way to a better world," we affect not to see that his coat pocket is stuffed out with something spherical, of the exact size of a regulation base-ball. "Go," we say, "and remember only that a grandmother dies but once." So, even as we are indulgent toward the office-boy, let us be indulgent toward ourselves. This is a time when the Cartoonist and Commentator, tired alike of castigating the public morals with a laughter that too often becomes sardonic, may fairly feel that they are entitled to a little relaxation; that they may well allow themselves a short excursion in pleasanter and quieter paths than those their feet know in the busier months.

Our Cartoonist has gone far afield in the Arcadian regions of courtship and love, and the Commentator is fain to follow him, and to forget political economy in an erratic study of the ethics of billing and cooing. Politics have made the Commentator a shade pessimistic, and he may be pardoned if he asks you to consider if the practice of billing and cooing have not seen its best days—not the futile and irresponsible sort of billing and cooing; but the billing and cooing that builds up homes and stimulates the baby-carriage trade.

How long is it since an unmarried man of thirty was called an old bachelor? Not so many years but that he whose hair is so much as grizzled can remember the time well. Let us say, to flatter some short memories, that it was a score-and-a-half of years ago. Well, in those simpler days, when there were fewer large fortunes, and fewer still that were not held by the men who earned them, it was thought to be a young man's duty to wed as soon as he could scrape together dollars enough to support a wife, not luxuriously, perhaps not even comfortably, but—let us say—decently. And the young folks struggled along together, hopeful, at the most, of sharing the luxury that comes with affluence at some far-off date—perhaps when their children should be grown up.

But have we not changed all that? What is the standard of old bachelorhood to-day? Thirty? Forty? Fifty, perhaps; and in ten years a man may reach his half-century in selfish singleness, and no maid point the finger of scorn at him or count him otherwise than eligible and young by grace of his eligibility. How has this altered state come to pass? Well, that is the study in the ethics of courtship. In those elder days, when we all worked harder, when there was less difference between the rich and the people of moderate means, a man was expected to marry early. To wait until the best of his youth was gone, and then to offer himself to a girl, was to pay her a poor compliment. In fact, the man who had waited too long found himself, when he came to the point, in the position of the boy who has offered his youthful sweetheart a rotten apple. But now—it's a very wrinkled and withered fruit that the marriageable girl will reject.

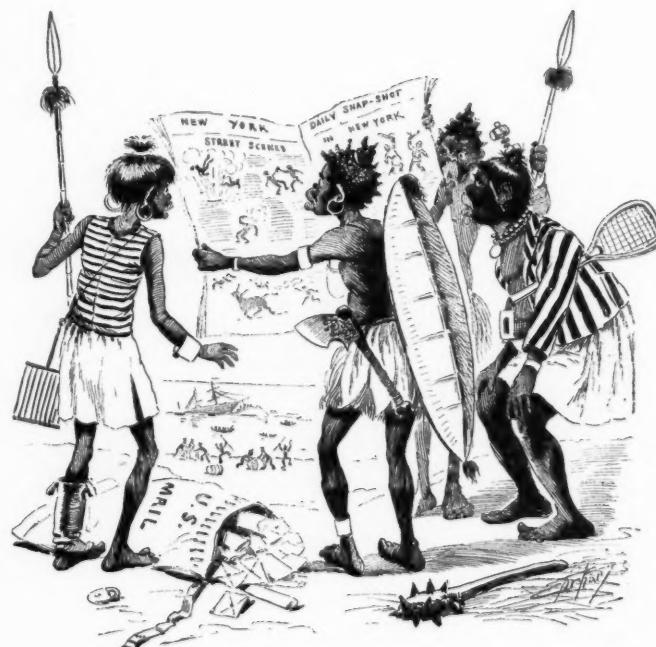
For the change, we have to thank the advance of civilization toward luxury and elegance. There was a day when the father of a family might pick and choose among the suitors for his daughter's hand. In that day, in rural communities, was generated the merry jest that still adorns the

columns of metropolitan journals, anent the parent who discourages the attentions of his daughter's suitor by the application of his cowhide boot, or, vicariously, through the efforts of his bull-dog. The jest exists still; and will so long as wits are lean. But the facts on which it was based have ceased to be facts this many a year.

The young man has ceased to woo. He is wooed. The father of a family is no longer his natural enemy. He is lured to the family mansion by every delicate artifice that courtesy and hospitality can suggest. And yet—he comes—he eats—he drinks—he flirts—and he makes no sign. Year by year he grows a harder game to flush, and a harder yet to hit. Luxury, the luxury of a growing country, has done its work on the young man. He will live only in the great cities, where he has bachelor-apartment-houses and clubs of every sort to furnish him with all that he can desire in the way of physical comfort at the minimum of cost; and where society exacts no more of him than that he shall be agreeable to the latest demands of fashion. Whether he be a \$1,500 or a \$15,000 per annum young man, he has no difficulty in finding a society that is glad to welcome him, and that will ask no more of him in return for the dinners, the receptions, the balls to which it invites him than the payment of a modest tribute to his florist, his confectioner and such other tradesmen who deal in elegant trifles as it may please him to patronize.

Is it any wonder that the young man so pleasantly environed puts off from year to year the assumption of the cares of matrimony? Is it any wonder that the girls who wait for him try, year by year, to fill up their elegant and fruitless leisure with such occupations and exercises as will make them at once more independent of laggard man and more attractive to that same indispensable laggard? Our girls are filling up the lengthening years of their maidenhood with tennis-playing, fencing, a mild form of boxing, and all manner of athletics; they struggle to keep to the front in every fashionable fad, and they devote their whole energies to doing or being whatever may be "the thing"—whether it be caring for one's nails or caring for one's muscles. And the bachelor-apartment buildings continue to multiply.

And so far growls the Commentator. But all this time he has been tracking the Cartoonist, who, following an Artist's bent, has led him to a pleasant place among green fields and under green trees, wherefrom you may see an old homestead that is truly home-like—a place that one might live and love in. And near by it they both see a couple seated on a bench. And the Commentator's pessimism slips away from him all of a sudden; and he feels a glorious distrust of logic and statistics. For young men will marry so long as the girl lives who is sitting on the bench with the young man—the girl who does not fence, who does not box, who dances as her natural grace tells her to dance, who plays a sloppy game of tennis, and who succeeds absolutely in only one thing—in being lovable. And the Commentator packs his pessimism in his pocket, and goes home from his outing the better for seeing two young folks on a bench.

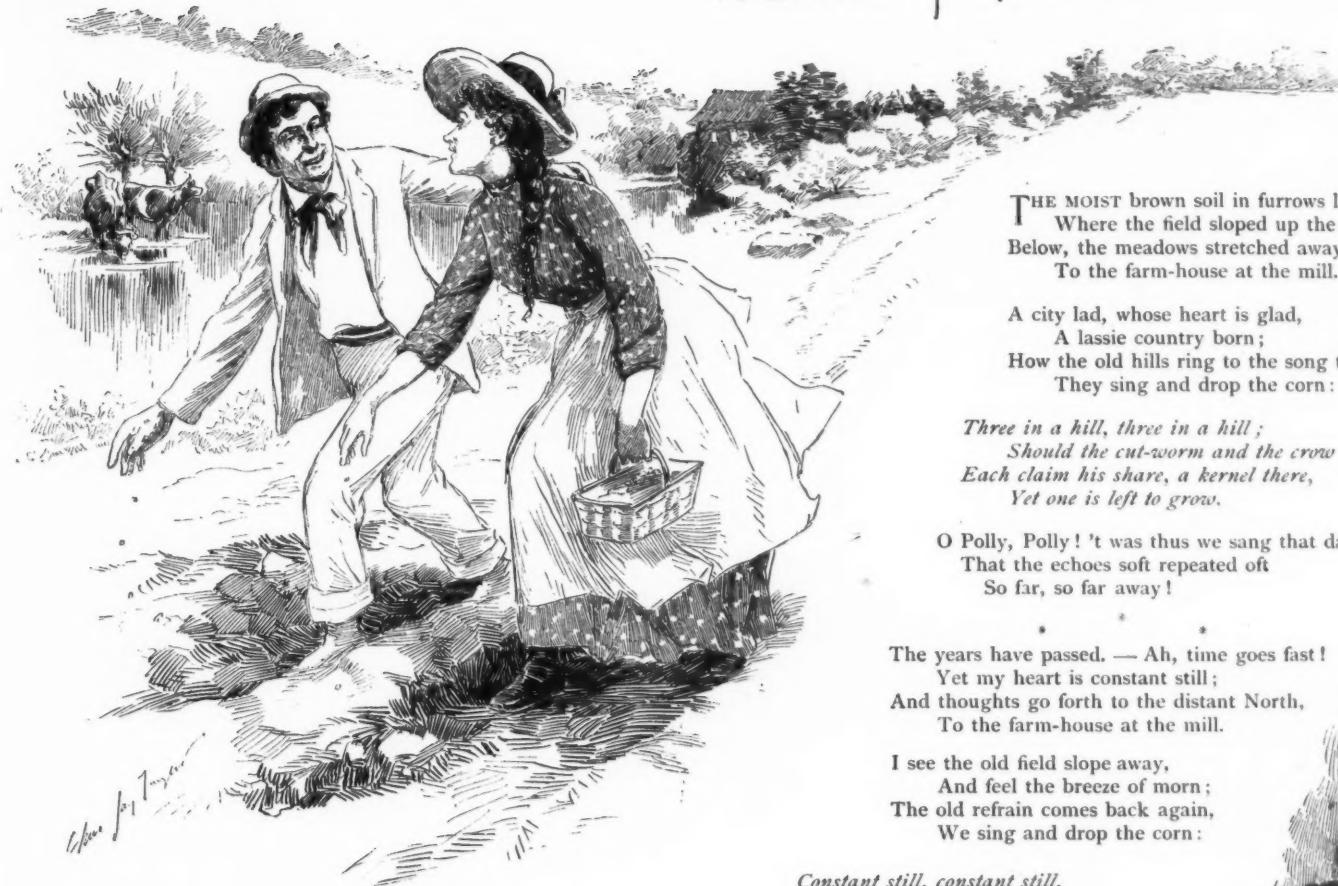


IN THE ANTIPODES.

OLD CHIEF.—Well, boys, we've a great deal to be thankful for.

## THE OLD FARM AT THE MILL.

### A Ballad of the Field.



THE MOIST brown soil in furrows lay,  
Where the field sloped up the hill;  
Below, the meadows stretched away  
To the farm-house at the mill.

A city lad, whose heart is glad,  
A lassie country born;  
How the old hills ring to the song they sing!  
They sing and drop the corn:

*Three in a hill, three in a hill;  
Should the cut-worm and the crow  
Each claim his share, a kernel there,  
Yet one is left to grow.*

O Polly, Polly! 't was thus we sang that day,  
That the echoes soft repeated oft  
So far, so far away!

\* \* \*  
The years have passed. — Ah, time goes fast!  
Yet my heart is constant still;  
And thoughts go forth to the distant North,  
To the farm-house at the mill.

I see the old field slope away,  
And feel the breeze of morn;  
The old refrain comes back again,  
We sing and drop the corn:

*Constant still, constant still,  
To the love of long ago.  
Tho' grief and care may claim their share,  
Yet love is left, I know.*

O Polly, Polly! tho' youth may pass away,  
And latter years bring Trouble's tears,  
**YET LOVE WILL LAST FOR AY!**



Roy L. McCandell.

## HUCKLEBERRIES

A FUR RUG should always be laid down-side up.

ALL'S WELL that ends well; but how about sickness?

THE FIRST RESULT of falling in love is generally a little falling out.

A MAN IN COLORADO recently married Miss Tooher. She's his sweet-potato.

IT IS an anomalous fact that wooden heads do not produce the thoughts that burn.

IT'S all very well to "make assurance doubly sure, and take a bond of Fate," but Fate is unfortunately an old hand at the straw-ball business.

A MAN NAMED Dibble was lately arrested in California for stealing his employer's clothes. The victim entitles the case, "My Dibble, and how he undid me."

SAID THE DOORKEEPER: "Well, I have won the bet,  
And I'll trouble you now for those cigars.  
To-night's receipts are two thousand, net."  
Said the happy manager: "Bless my stars!"

IT IS very true, as Congreve asserts, that "blessings wait on virtuous deeds;" and they seem to have the characteristics of the profession. The meal is generally cold before they bring it.

THE HASTY MATCH often starts a running fire.

IF BREVITY is the sole of wit, levity is the upper.

SICKNESS is Nature's way of saying: "I told you so."

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES, but pi alters the whole form.

THE DEBT of nature is one of the things we must pay as we go.

OTHER GAME is losing ground, but the deer always keeps up his lick.

THERE IS a remedy for everything — except some of our modern remedies.

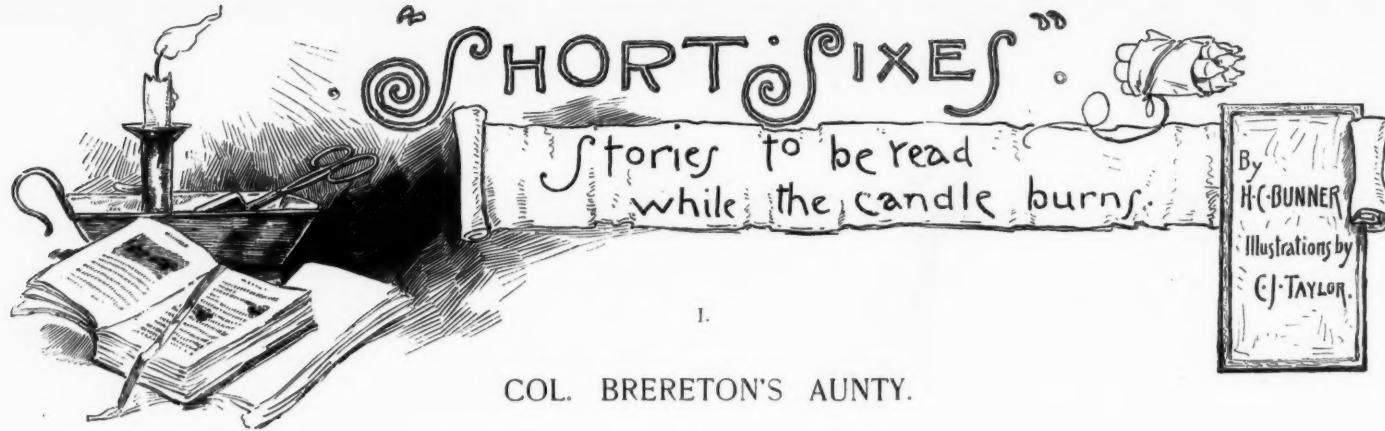
THE CORNER-STONE OF PHILOSOPHY — If you can't have what you want, don't want it.

FOR THE prayerful consideration of bachelors — "One never is, but always two be blest."

YOU MAY BRAY a fool in a mortar, but it is astonishing with what facility he will bray himself out.

"THERE WERE brave men before Agamemnon," but when Ag. got after them they had engagements elsewhere.

C. F. Lummis.



## COL. BRERETON'S AUNTY.

**T**HE PLEASANT SMELL of freshly turned garden-mould and of young growing things came in through the open window of the Justice of the Peace. His nasturtiums were spreading, pale and weedy — I could distinguish their strange, acrid scent from the odor of the rest of the young vegetation. The tips of the morning-glory vines, already up their strings to the height of a man's head, curled around the window-frame, and beckoned to me to come out and rejoice with them in the freshness of the mild June day. It was pleasant enough inside the Justice's front parlor, with its bright ingrain carpet, its gilt clock, and its marble-topped centre-table. But the Justice and the five gentlemen who were paying him a business call — although it was Sunday morning — looked, the whole half dozen of them, ill in accord with the spirit of the Spring day. The Justice looked annoyed. The five gentlemen looked stern. "Well, as you say," remarked the fat little Justice, who was an Irishman, "if this divilment goes on —"

"It's not a question of going on, Mr. O'Brien," broke in Alfred Winthrop; "it has gone on too long."

Alfred is a little inclined to be arrogant with the unwinthropian world; and, moreover, he was rushing the season in a very grand suit of white flannels. He looked rather too much of a lord of creation for a democratic community. Antagonism lit the Justice's eye.

"I'm afraid we've got to do it, O'Brien," I interposed, hastily. The Justice and I are strong political allies. He was mollified.

"Well, well," he assented; "let's have him up and see what he's got to say for himself. Mike!" he shouted out the window, "bring up Colonel Brereton!"

Colonel Brereton had appeared in our village about a year before that Sunday. Why he came, whence he came, he never deigned to say. But he made no secret of the fact that he was an unreconstructed Southerner. He had a little money when he arrived — enough to buy a tiny one-story house on the outskirts of the town.

By vocation he was a lawyer, and, somehow or other, he managed to pick up enough to support him in his avocation, which, we soon found out, was that of village drunkard. In this capacity he was a glorious, picturesque and startling success. Saturated with cheap whiskey, he sat all day long in the barroom or on the porch of the village grogery, discoursing to the neighborhood loafers of the days befo' the wah, when he had a vast plantation in "Fir-ginia" and five hundred niggehs, seh.

So long as the Colonel's excesses threatened only his own liver, no one interfered with him. But on the night before we called upon the Justice, the Colonel, having brooded long over his wrongs at the hands of the Yankees, and having made himself a reservoir of cocktails, decided to enter his protest against the whole system of free colored labor by cutting the liver out of every negro in the town, and he had slightly lacerated Winthrop's mulatto coachman before a delegation of citizens fell upon him, and finding him unwilling to relinquish his plan, placed him for the night in the lock-up in Squire O'Brien's cellar.

We waited for the Colonel. From under our feet suddenly arose a sound of scuffling and smothered imprecations. A minute later, Mike, the herculean son of the Justice, appeared in the doorway, bearing a very small man hugged to his breast as a baby hugs a doll.

"Let me down, seh!" shouted the Colonel. Mike set him down, and

he marched proudly into the room, and seated himself with dignity and firmness on the extreme edge of a chair.

The Colonel was very small indeed for a man of so much dignity. He could not have been more than five foot one or two; he was slender — but his figure was shapely and supple. He was unquestionably a handsome man, with fine, thin features and an aquiline profile — like a miniature Henry Clay. His hair was snow-white — prematurely, no doubt — and at the first glance you thought he was clean shaven. Then you saw that there was scarcely a hair on his cheeks, and that only the finest imaginable line of snowy white moustaches curled down his upper lip. His skin was smooth as a baby's and of the color of old ivory. His teeth, which he was just then exhibiting in a sardonic smile, were white, small, even. But if he was small, his carriage was large, and military. There was something military, too, about his attire. He wore a high collar, a long blue frock coat, and tight, light gray trousers with straps. That is, the coat had once been blue, the trousers once light gray, but they were now of many tints and tones, and, at that exact moment, they had here and there certain peculiar high lights of whitewash.

The Colonel did not wait to be arraigned. Sweeping his black, piercing eye over our little group, he arraigned us.

"Well, gentlemen," with keen irony in his tone, "I reckon you think you've done a right smart t'ing, getting the Southern gentleman in a hole? A pro-dee-vious fine thing, I reckon, since it's kept you away from chu'ch. Baptis' church, I believe?" This was to poor Canfield, who was suspected of having been of that communion in his youth, and of being much ashamed of it after his marriage to an aristocratic Episcopalian. "Nice Sunday mo'ning to worry a Southern gentleman! Gentleman who's owned a plantation that you could stick this hyeh picayune town into one co'neh of! Owned mo' niggehs than you eveh saw. Robbed of his land and his niggehs by you Yankee gentlemen.

Drinks a little wine to make him fo'get what he's suffehered. Gets ovehtaken. Tries to avenge an insult to his honah. Put him in a felon's cell and whitewash his gyarmets. And now you come hyeh — you come hyeh —" here his eye fell with deep disapproval upon Winthrop's white flannels — "you come hyeh in youh underclothes, and you want to have him held fo' Special Sessions."

"You are mistaken, Colonel Brereton," Winthrop interposed; "if we can have your promise —"

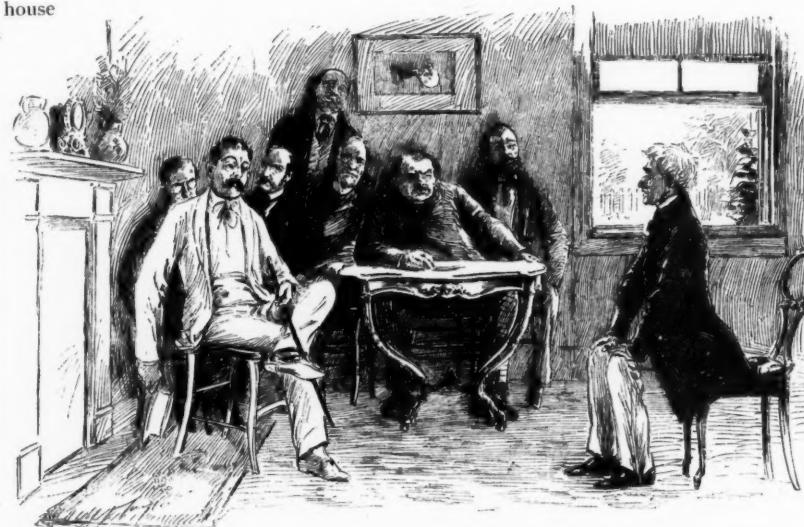
"I will promise you nothing, seh!" thundered the Colonel, who had a voice like a

church-organ, whenever he chose to use it; "I will make no conventions with you! I will put no restrictions on my right to defend my honah. Put me in youh felon's cell! I will rot in youh infehnal dungeons; but I will make no conventions with you. You can put me in striped breeches, but you cyan't put my honah in striped breeches!"

"That settles it," said the Justice.

"And all," continued the Colonel, oratorically, "and all this hyeh fuss and neglect of youh religious duties, fo' one of the cheapest and most o'nevy niggehs I eveh laid eyes on. Why, I would n't have given one hundred dollarahs fo' that niggeh befo' the wah. No, seh, I give you my wo'd, that niggeh ain't wo'th ninety dollarahs!"

"Mike!" said the Justice, significantly. The Colonel arose promptly, to insure a voluntary exit. He bowed low to Winthrop.



"Allow me to hope, seh," he said, "that you won't catch cold." And with one lofty and comprehensive salute he marched haughtily back to his dungeon, followed by the towering Mike.

The Justice sighed. An elective judiciary has its trials, like the rest of us. It is hard to commit a voter of your own party for Special Sessions. However — "I'll drive him over to Court in the morning," said the little Justice.



"I understand, seh," she said, in a gentle, low voice, "that you gentlemen have got Cunne Bre'eton jailed?"

She had evidently been brought up among educated Southerners, for her grammar was good and her pronunciation correct, according to southern standards. Only once or twice did she drop into negro talk.

I assented.

"How much will it be, seh, to get him out?" She produced a fat roll of twenty and fifty dollar bills. "I do fo' Cunne Bre'eton," she explained: "I have always done fo' him. I was his Mammy when he was a baby."

I made her sit down — when she did there was modest depreciation in her attitude — and I tried to explain the situation to her.

"You may go surely for Colonel Brereton," I said; "but he is certain to repeat the offense."

"No, seh," she replied, in her quiet, firm tone; "the Cunne won't make any trouble when I'm here to do fo' him."

"You were one of his slaves?"

"No, seh. Cunne Bre'eton neveh had any slaves, seh. His father, Majah Bre'eton, he had slaves one time, I guess, but when the Cunne was bo'n, he was playing kyards fo' a living, and he had only me. When the Cunne's mother died, Majah Bre'eton, he went to Mizzoura, and he put the baby in my ahms, and he said to me, 'Sabrine,' he sez, 'you do fo' him.' And I've done fo' him evuh since. Sometimes he gets away from me, and then he gets kind o' wild. He was in Sandusky a year, and in Chillicothe six months, and he was in Tiffin once, and one time in a place in the state of Massachusetts — I disremembeh the name. This is the longest time he evuh got away from me. But I always find him, and then he's all right."

"But you have to deal with a violent man."

"The Cunne won't be violent with me, seh."

"But you're getting old, Aunty — how old?"

"I kind o' lost count since I was seventy-one, seh. But I'm right spry, yet."

"Well, my good woman," I said, decisively, "I can't take the responsibility of letting the Colonel go at large unless you give me some better guarantee of your ability to restrain him. What means have you of keeping him in hand?"

She hesitated a long time, smoothing the folds of her neat alpaca skirt with her strong hands. Then she said:

"Well, seh, I would n't have you say any thing about it, fo' feah of huhting Cunne Bre'eton's feelings; but when he gets that way, I jes' nachully tuhn him up and spank him. I've done it evuh since he was a baby," she continued, apologetically, "and it's the only way. But you won't say any thing about it, seh? The Cunne's powerful sensitive."

I wrote a brief note to the Justice. I do not know what legal formalities he dispensed with; but that afternoon the Colonel was free. Aunt Sabrine took him home, and he went to bed for two days while she washed his clothes. The next week he appeared in a complete new outfit — in cut and color the counterpart of its predecessor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here began a new era for the Colonel. He was no longer the town drunkard. Aunt Sabrine "allowanced" him — one cocktail in the "mo'ning;" a "ho'n" at noon, and one at night. On this diet he was a model of temperance. If occasionally he essayed a drinking bout, Aunt Sabrine came after him at eve, and led him home. From my window I sometimes saw the steady big figure, and the wavering little one going home over the crest of the hill, equally black in their silhouettes against the sunset sky.

What happened to the Colonel we knew not. No man saw him for two days. Then he emerged — with unruffled dignity. The two always maintained genuine Southern relations. He called her his damn black nigger — and would have killed any man who spoke ill of her. She treated him with the humble and deferential familiarity of a "mammy" toward "young mahse."

For herself, Aunty Sabrine won the hearts of the town. She was an ideal washerwoman, an able temporary cook in domestic *interregna*, a tender and wise nurse, and a genius at jam and jellies. The Colonel, too, made money in his line, and put it faithfully into the common fund.

In March of the next year, I was one of a Reform Town Committee, elected to oust the usual local ring. We discharged the inefficient Town Counsel, who had neglected our interests in a lot of suits brought by swindling road-contractors. Aunty Sabrine came to me, and solemnly nominated Colonel Brereton for the post. "He is sholy a fine loyych," she said.

I know not whether it was the Great American sense of humor, or the Great American sense of fairness, but we engaged the Colonel, conditionally.

He was a positive, a marvelous, an incredible success, and he won every suit. Perhaps he did not know much law; but he was the man of men for country judges and juries. Nothing like his eloquence had ever before been heard in the county. He argued, he cajoled, he threatened, he pleaded, he thundered, he exploded, he confused, he blazed, he fairly dazzled — for silence stunned you when the Colonel ceased to speak, as the lightning blinds your eyes long after it has vanished.

The Colonel was utterly incapable of seeing any but his own side of the case. I remember a few of his remarks concerning Finnegan, the contractor, who was suing for \$31.27 payments withheld.



"Fohty yahds!" the Colonel roared: "fohty yahds! This hyeh man Finnegan, this hyeh cock-a-doodle-doo, he goes along this hyeh road, and he casts his eye oveh this hyeh excavation, and he comes hyeh and sweahs it's fohty yahds good measure. Does he take a tape measure and measure it? NO! Does he even pace it off with these hyeh corkscrew legs of his that he's trying to hide under his chaiah? NO!! He says, 'I'm Finnegan, and this hyeh 's fohty yahds,' and off he sashays up the hill, wondering wheah Finnegan's going to bring up when he's walked off the topmost peak of the snow-clad Himalayas of human omniscience! And this hyeh man, this hyeh insult to humanity in a papeh collah, he comes hyeh, to this august tribunal, and he asks you, gentlemen of the jury, to let him rob you of the money you have earned in the sweat of your brows, to take the bread out of the mouths of the children whom your patient and devoted wives have bohne to you in pain and anguish — but I say to you, gen-tel-men — (suddenly exploding) HIS PAPEH COLLAH SHALL ROAST IN HADES BEFO' I WILL BE A PAHTY TO THIS HYEH INFAMY!"

Finnegan was found in hiding in his cellar when his counsel came to tell him that he could not collect his \$31.27. "Bedad, is that all?" he gasped; "I t'ought I'd get six mont's."

People flocked from miles about to hear the Colonel. Recalcitrant jurymen were bribed to service by the promise of a Brereton case on the docket. His performances were regarded in the light of a free show, and a verdict in his favor was looked upon as a graceful gratuity.

He made money — and he gave it weekly to Aunty Sabrine.



It was the night of the great blizzard; but there was no sign of cold or wind when I looked out, half-an-hour after midnight, before closing my front door. I heard the drip of water from the trees, I saw a faint mist rising from the melting snow. At the foot of my lawn I dimly saw the Colonel's familiar figure marching homeward from some political meeting

preliminary to Tuesday's election. His form was erect, his step steady. He swung his little cane and whistled as he walked. I was proud of the Colonel.

An hour later the storm was upon us. By noon of Monday, Alfred Winthrop's house, two hundred yards away, might as well have been two thousand, so far as getting to it or even seeing it, was concerned. Tuesday morning the snow had stopped, and we looked out over a still and shining deluge with sparkling fringes above the blue hollows of its frozen waves. Across it roared an icy wind, bearing almost invisible diamond dust to fill irritated eyes and throats. The election was held that day. The result was to be expected. All the "hard" citizens were at the polls. Most of the reformers were stalled in railroad trains. The Reform Ticket failed of re-election, and Colonel Brereton's term of office was practically at an end.

I was outdoors most of the day, and that night, when I awoke about three o'clock, suddenly and with a shock, thinking I had heard Aunty Sabrine's voice crying: "Cunnle! wheah are you, Cunnle?" my exhausted brain took it for the echo of a dream. I must have dozed for an hour before I sprang up with a certainty in my mind that I had heard her voice in very truth. Then I hurried on my clothes, and ran to Alfred Winthrop's. He looked incredulous; but he got into his boots like a man. We found Aunty Sabrine, alive but unconscious, on the crest of the hill. When we had found an asylum for her, we searched for the Colonel. The next day we learned that he had heard the news of the election and had boarded a snow-clearing train that was returning to the Junction.

It was a week before Aunty Sabrine recovered. When I asked her if she was going to look for the Colonel, she answered with gentle resignation:

"No, seh. I'm 'most too old. I'll stay hyeh, wheah he knows wheah to find me. He'll come afteh me, sho'."

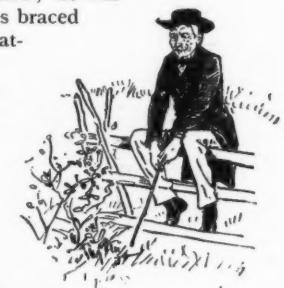
Sixteen months passed, and he did not come. Then, one evening, a Summer walk took me by the little house. I heard a voice I could not forget.

"Hyeh, you black niggeh, get along with that suppeh, or I come in theah and cut youh damn haid off!"

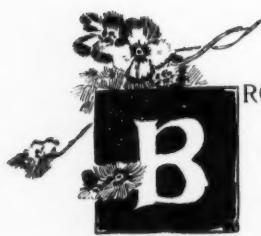
Looking up, I saw Colonel Brereton, a little the worse for wear, seated on the snake fence. No.... he was not seated; he was hitched on by the crook of his knees, his toes braced against the inside of the lower rail. His coat-tails hung in the vacant air.

He descended, a little stiffly, I thought, and greeted me cordially, with affable dignity. His manner somehow implied that I had been away.

He insisted on my coming into his front yard, and sitting down on the bench by the house, while he condescendingly and courteously inquired after the health of his old friends and neighbors. I stayed until supper was announced. The Colonel was always the soul of hospitality; but on this occasion he did not ask me to join him. And I reflected, as I went away, that although he had punctiliously insisted on my sitting down, the Colonel had remained standing during our somewhat protracted conversation.



H. C. Bunner.



### ROKEN THREADS.

"WHEN THE MOON is up o'er yon rock," she said,  
"With its silvery arrows, in splendor spread,"

(And she pointed out which rock she meant,  
Like the back of a dolphin, curved and bent,)

"Wherever your thoughts or footsteps be,  
You must fly to this spot, dear, and think of me;

For, be sure, when the moonrise tints the blue,  
In soul and spirit I'll walk with you!"

And nobly true to her last fond prayer  
He strolled by the sea in the moonrise fair,

Down where the breakers foam and stir,  
And looked 'round sideways, and thought of her

With a guilty glance, as he held the hand  
Of a girl she hated, and paced the sand;

While she, the woman, gone back to town  
Knew not if moons came up or down,

As she waltzed and waltzed till the break of day  
With a man whom she had n't seen since May!

Madeline S. Bridges.

### HOW TIME INCREASES VALUES.

EMINENT AUTHOR.— You bought a MS. from me some ten years ago for twenty-five dollars.

PUBLISHER.— Yes, sir; but we have n't printed it yet.

EMINENT AUTHOR.— Well, let me have it back, and I'll give you a hundred. I've got a reputation now, and don't want to spoil it!

### ENTERPRISING.

"I tell you, Hooks, of Radical City, is an ornament to the profession," remarked the President of the Real Estate Agents' Association, at a recent meeting.

"I heard they had him in jail there," said a member.

"So they did; but they could n't keep him in. Why, in less than three days, he had sold ten lots in his Highland addition to the guards, dickered the Sheriff out of his pistols and handcuffs, taken a mortgage on the jail, and sold the balls and chains and part of the gratings to the junkman! Oh, he's enterprising, Hooks is!"

### INTRODUCTIONS UNNECESSARY.

She skipped the learned "Introduction"  
That came from the translator's pen.  
"What use?" said she; "you know this novel  
And I will never meet again."



### MORE THAN PUNISHED.

"What is the charge against this prisoner?"

"He's a thief, your Honor," said the policeman.

"What did he steal?"

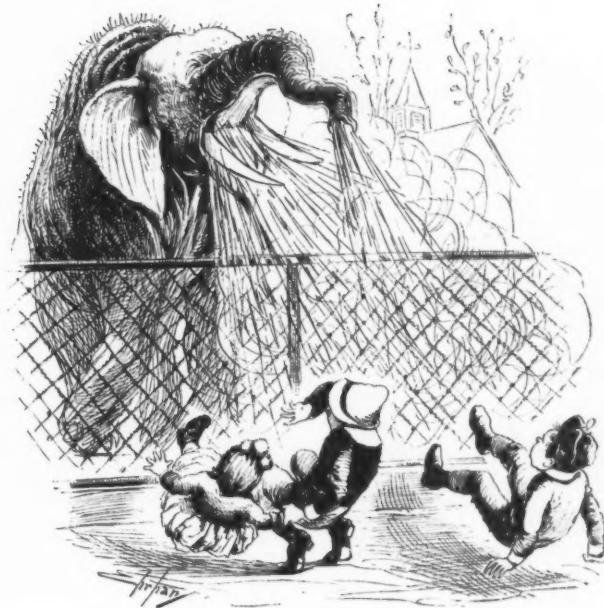
"He took me picture widout me knowin' it."

"The prisoner has the sympathy of the court — discharged."

A CORRECT DIAGNOSIS.



LITTLE ONE.—D' ye s'pose he wants some peanuts?  
LITTLE TWO.—No; he wants to—



—sneeze!

SUSPICIOUS.

**C**OUNTRYMAN (*on Broadway*).—Say, Pliceman, kin ye tell me how to git to the Hoboken ferry?  
POLICEMAN No. 25,791.—Hoboken ferry, is it? How did yez get into town at all if yez don't know where the Hoboken ferry is? Oi've a moind to run yez in as a suspicious character thryin' to lave the state!

CHEAP CHARITY.

N. E. BODEY.—That's a pretty bad pair of shoes you have on, my friend.  
IMPECUNIOUS REILLEY.—Yis, sor; the gentleman who give 'em to me yesterday is charitable, sor; but he's mighty ayconomical!

THE RULER OF THE ROAST.

MR. REEDER.—What makes the landlady so gruff with you? are n't you paid up to date?  
MR. DE RUYTER.—Why, yes; but a fellow from the West has spoiled her by paying a month in advance.

A CAUSE FOR EVERY THING.

"How polite the conductor is!"  
"Yes; I have observed it."  
"He must be a new hand."  
"No, it is n't that. There's a spotter aboard, and the conductor knows it. How frequently the fare indicator rings!"

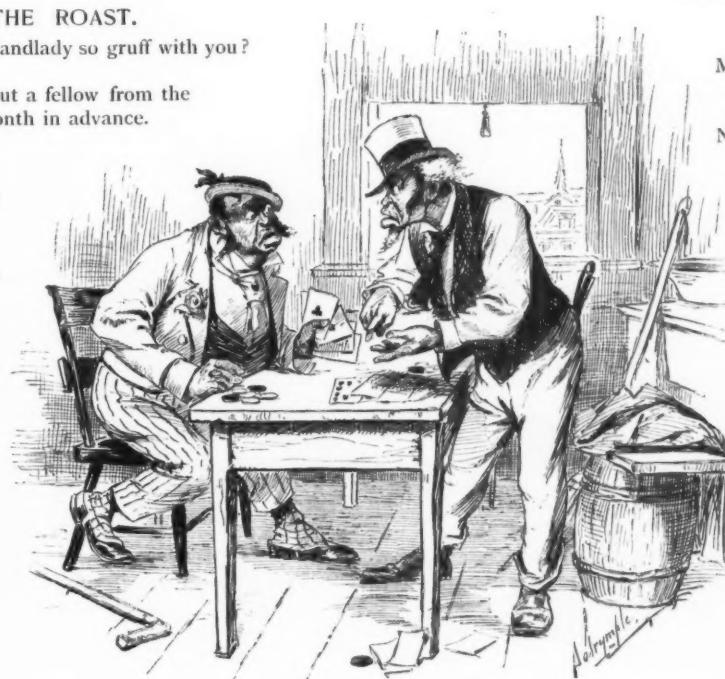
AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT.

"Did he get on his knees?"  
"No; he could n't."  
"Why not?"  
"I got there first."

YOU WONDER why the Lion has such a Tremendous Mane, Freddy? Just ask any Barber if he would care to clip one, and you will Find Out.

A WORD AND A BLOW — "Brag."

ADVICE TO BOYS who wish to be Sailors  
— "A life on the ocean" waive!



HE "WAS N'T A WHITE MAN."

MR. EBBERNY (*over the poker game*).—Say, Mose de Moak, would yo' try ter convince me dat brack is white?  
MR. DE MOAK (*disdainfully*).—No; not such bracks as *you*!

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"And did you grow up with the country?" was asked of a young man who had taken Greeley's advice, and lived to repent.

"No," was the reply; "but I came near getting planted."

BOSTON MUST NOT BE TRIFLED WITH.

TRAVELER (*in Boston*).—I want to take the next train to Albany.  
TICKET AGENT.—Sorry, sir; but we can't spare it.

OUT OF THE QUESTION.

"Don't you think you could sell cheaper if you did a cash business?" asked Henkoops, as he idled in the West Springville grocery.

"Could n't sell 't all," replied the old man. "It'd break me up. Thar ain't enough money for the circus out here, let alone for buyin' shop-truck!"

A PROFITABLE PLAN.

MR. PUTTSON CALL (*to Applicant*).—Have you had a business education, young man?  
NEWBORN LAMB.—Why, no, sir; I wanted a job in your office, so I could gain one!

"JUST."

JUST A LITTLE brown canoe  
Lying on the beach;  
Paddles, sails and cushions,  
All in easy reach.  
Just a few excursions  
Down the sandy shore—  
Just a little sketching,  
Should have been much more.

Just a little Summer,  
Gone as Summers go;  
Days and hours passing—  
*How?* we never know.  
Just a little parting,  
Very sad—just then;  
Just a little promise  
To be kept, till—when?  
Ray Ledyard.

WATCH AND WARD — The Time Lock.

IT IS LIKELY that a ship is called "she" because she is a sails-lady.



## A EUROPEAN TRIP.

LITTLE CITY GIRL.—Do you call this a big pond?

LITTLE COUNTRY BOY.—Yes; don't you?

LITTLE GIRL.—No; but I've been across the ocean, you know.

LITTLE BOY.—Yes, I know; it's blue on the map.

LITTLE GIRL.—It's lots of fun.

LITTLE BOY.—How?

LITTLE GIRL.—Well, you go on a big ship, and then you get awfully sick.

LITTLE BOY.—That's no fun.

LITTLE GIRL.—Yes; but I got better and Mama kept sick.

LITTLE BOY.—That's not so bad.

LITTLE GIRL.—And then Papa and I stayed down in the smoking room, and I watched him play with the chips.

LITTLE BOY.—Oh, pooh! Men don't play with chips.

LITTLE GIRL.—Yes, they do on board ship; red and blue and white chips; and when Papa had lots of them he was as good as any thing, and he'd stroke my hair and call me his mascot.

LITTLE BOY.—What's that?

LITTLE GIRL.—I don't quite know; but it was something nice. Then when he had n't so many, he'd say: "Run away; don't bother."

LITTLE BOY.—Well!

LITTLE GIRL.—Well, and then we got to London, and Papa and I did n't like it a bit; but sister Nell said the fog was good for her complexion, and brother Tom got a pair of trousers like a horse blanket.

LITTLE BOY.—Oh, my!

LITTLE GIRL.—Yes; and Mama said they were "very English," and Nell said they were "awfully swell."

LITTLE BOY.—And what did your Papa say?

LITTLE GIRL.—Oh, he said they were loud enough to be heard a block away.

LITTLE BOY.—How funny!

LITTLE GIRL.—Yes, rather; but it was n't funny the night Papa and Mama had such a dreadful row.

LITTLE BOY.—Whew!

LITTLE GIRL.—You see Mama wanted Papa to go to a place called the Legation, and get somebody there to have sister Nell presented. I don't know what that means; but it was something Nell wanted awfully.

LITTLE BOY.—And would n't he do it?

LITTLE GIRL.—No; he said he'd be doggoned if he would; and Mama cried, and Papa put his hands in his pockets, and walked up and down, and said he was a free-born American citizen, and no man, or woman, either, was his better, and he did n't propose to truckle to royalty, or have his family, either; and he said he was ashamed of Mama and Nell, who

were a perfect pair of toads; only he did n't want to be rude, you know, and he said "toadies."

LITTLE BOY.—I'd like to been there.

LITTLE GIRL.—Yes; and then Papa went down and quarreled with the hotel man, and we came away.

LITTLE BOY.—What was that for?

LITTLE GIRL.—Oh, you always have to quarrel with the hotel man in Europe, to save your teeth, you know.

LITTLE BOY.—What?

LITTLE GIRL.—Yes; Papa said if you did n't fight them at every turn, they'd cheat you out of your eye-teeth. I know they did n't get his, though, for he never forgot.

LITTLE BOY.—And was that all?

LITTLE GIRL.—Oh, my, no! We went to lots more places where there were pictures and churches, and Mama and Nell went to see everything, and said it was all very dull and fatiguing, but it was the thing. You have to do that in Europe.

LITTLE BOY.—What?

LITTLE GIRL (*severely*).—The thing, always. And by-and-by we came home, and Papa played with the chips some more, and Mama and Nell talked all the time about getting things through.

LITTLE BOY.—What was that?

LITTLE GIRL.—Well, I don't know; but I think it meant sewing lace inside the lining of your sealskin sacque, and trying on kid gloves.

LITTLE BOY.—Oh!

LITTLE GIRL.—Yes; and just before we got to New York all the gentlemen came on deck and watched for the pilot boat; and some of them said "hurrah!" when they saw it, but Papa did n't; he said, "just my confounded luck," and looked awful cross.

LITTLE BOY.—Why?

LITTLE GIRL.—Oh, I don't know. And then we landed, and Mama let me wear a lot of pretty rings and bracelets to come off the ship, and Papa told her and sister Nell that he hoped they had n't been up to any women's tricks about smuggling; and then he got awful red in the face when a man asked him if he generally wore his diamond studs screwed into his boot-tops.

LITTLE BOY.—What else?

LITTLE GIRL.—Nothing much; only next day sister Nell said she was glad she'd been abroad, because she'd got such a stock of small talk laid in; and Papa said he'd paid a large price for it; and Mama said she'd economize, and send me up here to aunt Judith, where schooling is cheap and I would n't need any new clothes.

*Margaret H. Welch.*

## AT EVENING.

I.

THE SUN had kissed the western wave,  
And bade the world good-night,  
While in the sky the floating clouds  
Hung blushing at the sight.

II.

The playful ripples dancing came  
From out the mighty sea,  
And paused a moment on the sands  
And kissed them tenderly.

III.

The gentle evening breezes sighed  
Among the boulders bare,  
And kissed their loneliness away,  
And lingered fondly there.

IV.

A youth beside a maiden walked,  
(I tell no wondrous deed.)  
When twilight's shadows kissed the shore,  
He followed Nature's lead.

J. T. Newcomb.

## A 'IT.

MAC TURNIGAN.—They'll soon be printing an Irish Dictionary, Misster Chumley.

CHOLMONDELEY.—Well, to be in keeping with the national character, it should be full of blunders. That is, to be accurate, it should be largely devoted to horrors of speech.



"WALKING ON HIS UPERS."

## THE STORY AND ITS WITNESS.

GROGGS (*shaking his head*).—I don't know, Boggs. That story of yours seems very improbable!

BOGGS (*indignantly*).—Improbable? Why, sir, I can prove it by a man who was killed in the same fight!

## A LADIES' JOKE.

"Look out," said the Cyclone to the Zephyr; "look out, or you'll be worsted!"

## ONE JOB LOST.

UNCLE ABNER (*entering*).—Say, is this a barber shop?

THE ARTIST.—Naw; it's a tonsorial studio.

UNCLE ABNER.—Studio, eh? Wa-al, if you're only studyin' I'll go further. I want a man that knows the trade!

## A RUCHIN' JOKE.

"She could n't stand him. He put on too many frills."

"That's ruff."

## THE WRONG TROUBLE.

"Browne has heart trouble, has n't he?"

"No. His trouble is poker."

THE WISH is father to some thoughts, but a stepmother to others.

THE FASCINATION of a name is not always in its spell.

IT IS WELL to be enterprising in business; but the discreet barber will never offer his services to the Bearded Lady of a dime-museum.



GEORGE RIBBONCOUNTER.—Ah, there is Belinda, writing in the sand! I wonder if she is seeing how it seems to write "Belinda Ribboncounter."



## ON A FROG QUEST.

MAGUIRE (*to MAGINNIS*).—It's no use, Micky, we're too late. The Summer boarders'll hav to go without their Frinch ongrays. Sure, th' lasht wan is just havin' with his troonk an his back.

## A SURE ENOUGH VICTIM.

JACK HAPPY.—Hello, Billy! Hear that you've been hitting the lottery pretty regularly, lately.

BILLY GOLUCKY.—Yep.

HAPPY.—Win any thing?

GOLUCKY.—Nop.

HAPPY.—How much you out?

GOLUCKY.—Well, the fact is, I'm not really out any thing. You see I bought lottery tickets four times at a dollar a time, and never won any thing. Then I got disgusted with the whole scheme, and wrote a bitter, sarcastic article, deriding, in a humorous vein, the whole lottery idea, showing how overwhelmingly the chances were against the victim who tempts fortune in this manner, and advising everyone to leave it severely alone.

HAPPY.—Yes.

GOLUCKY.—Well, I got five dollars for the article.

HAPPY.—Good enough! Made you whole again. What did you do with the odd dollar?

GOLUCKY.—Why, bought another ticket, of course.

Newt. Hood.

## A GOOD MOTTO.

"What is your motto, sir?"

"My motto," said the Prohibitionist, "is 'jug not that ye be not jugged.'"

THAT WAS an annoying mistake up in the Park recently. Some one put up a sign:

**GO THIS WAY TO THE ZOO!**  
without noticing that the word Zoo was misspelled:  
400.

**IF ALL FLESH is grass, mummies must be hay.**

**IN A WORD — Meaning.**

**SILENCE MAY give consent; but the lover prefers to get it in the twinkling of an "ay."**



BELINDA SUMMERRGIRL.—O George! I just did want to see you! I was trying to figure how much I could have to dress on if Spools & Thread raised your salary two dollars when you got married.

## HE UNDERSTOOD THE MARKET.



SHOPKEEPER in a small town once laid in a stock of carefully tested thermometers, and offered them for sale. A number of them were purchased by his fellow-citizens, and gave great satisfaction for several months.

When Winter came, however, the shopkeeper began to receive complaints from the buyers of the thermometers, to the effect that his instruments must be wrong, for they failed to mark as low a degree as was registered by the neighbors' thermometers, which had been obtained from other dealers.

The shopkeeper insisted that his instruments were correct; but his customers would not be convinced, and he was obliged to take back the thermometers purchased by the more important of his patrons, and lose the custom of the others. The sale of thermometers languished after this, but became brisk again in the Spring, and no further complaints were heard until Midsummer. Then the shopkeeper learned that his thermometers never reached the high temperatures indicated by those of other dealers, and many of them were returned. Some time after this, a stranger of a conversational turn came to the shop, and the proprietor told him the story of his woes.

"I'll tell you how to get rid of your surplus stock," said the stranger. "You will observe that although the length of these thermometers is the same, the range is not. Some run from fifty degrees below zero to one hundred degrees above; and some from zero to over two hundred degrees above. Now, if you take them apart, and combine the long-range scales with the short-range tubes, the resulting instruments will record lower Winter and higher Summer temperatures than are known at the Weather Bureau, and they will sell like hot cakes."

The merchant followed his advice, and soon grew rich, for the fame of his thermometers spread rapidly, and the people of that district were much addicted to the study of the weather.

Then the stranger dropped in again, and the merchant overflowed with gratitude.

"By the way," said the stranger, "what did you do with the other halves of those thermometers?"

"I put them together, and sold them to the proprietors of California health resorts."

"Good!" exclaimed the stranger. "Of course, I could not be expected to think of that possibility."

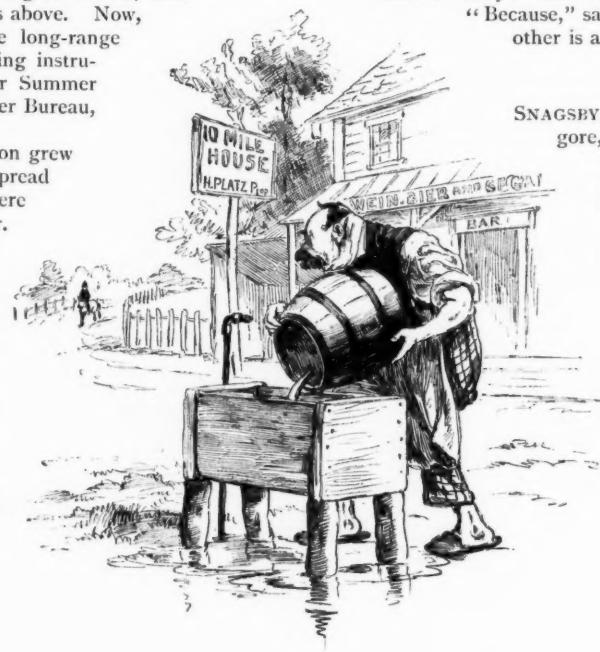
"And now, sir," said the shopkeeper, "will you allow me to ask who you are? A college professor, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," replied the stranger; "I am the editor of a daily newspaper."

Dick Law.



OFFICER MULLIKEN.—Sure 'n' it's a long t'irst th' harse has an him. 'T is a thrifle dhrift I am, meself, but it's no favor I'd be askin' that Ditchman.



## EVENING UP.

HERR PLATZ.—It vos a leedle oxpensive; but, py gimedddy, I geds me mein revences fer geddin' arrested last Soonday.



(Ninety seconds later.)—Whirrah—whirru! Av the baste ain't hovin' a fit, he's a dhrunk an' dishordery! I've handled enough of 'em to know the symptims.

## THE FRYING-PAN AND THE FIRE.

MR. MORRISON ESSEX.—Why don't you come over to Jersey to live, instead of sweltering in the city?

MR. CABLE CARR.—Why! Is it any more comfortable to swelter in Jersey?

## NO HELP FOR IT.

"Must you go out again to-night?" asked the Sand Flat.

"Yes, I must," answered the Tide; "and when I come in I'll be full. See?"

"High sea," was the sad answer.

## CROAKING ENTHUSIASM.

MISS SLOPOVER.—Do you not admire the beauty of the music that Nature furnishes these calm, sweet evenings?

MR. MIDWEST.—Why, ya-as; I always remember Tennyson's sweet line:

"The oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bull-frog in the pool."

## MOWER, MOWER!

"Do you know," said the city boarder to the farmer landlord, "when that mowing machine of yours woke me up this morning, it reminded me of buying and selling clams."

"Gosh! Why?" asked the landlord.

"Because," said his guest, "one is a clam dicker and the other is a — clicker."

## A TEST CASE.

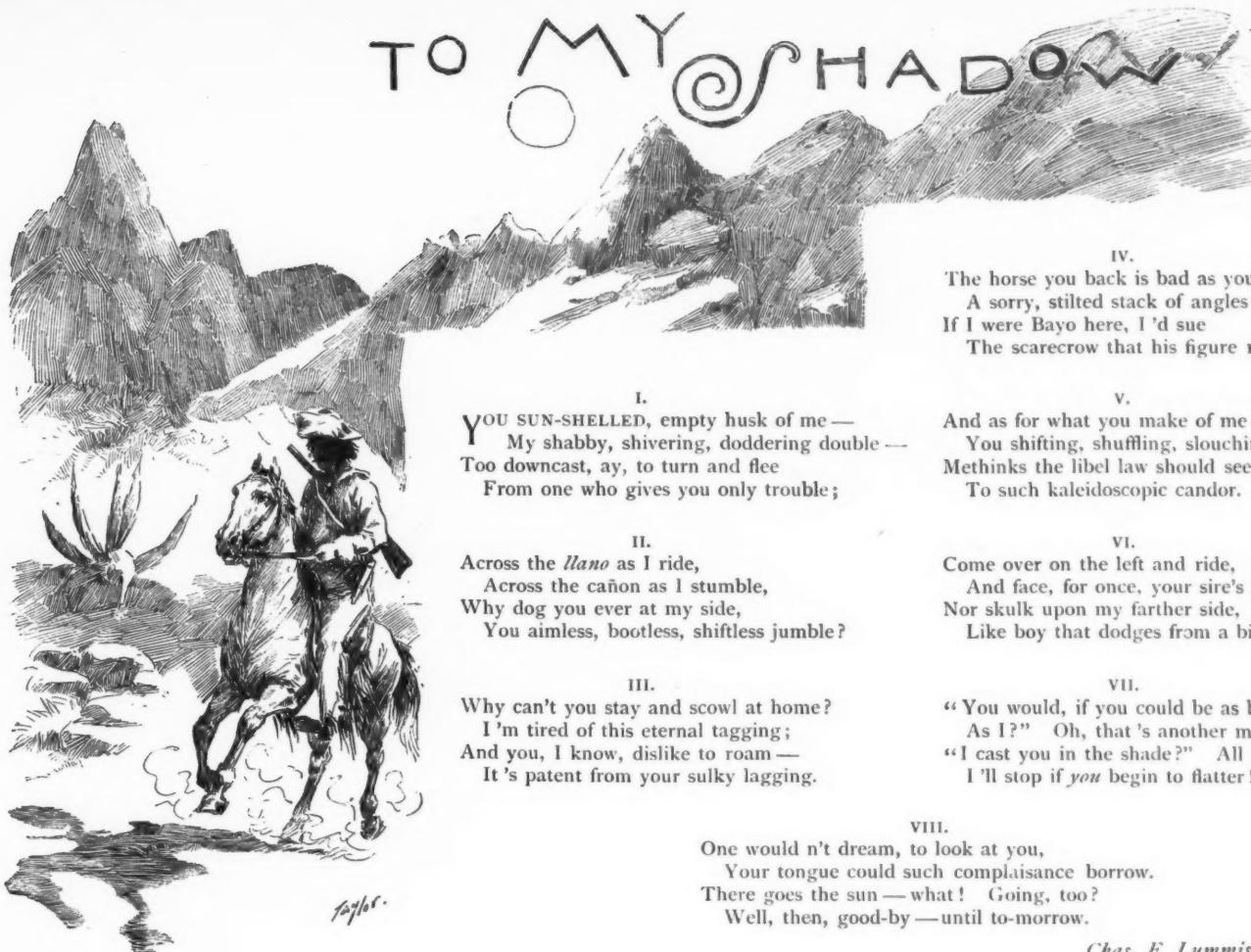
SNAGSBY.—In asking you to be my wife, Miss Richgore, I do not forget that I am not your equal in the matter of birth; but remember, "the grand old gardener and his wife smile at the claims of long descent."

MISS RICHGORE.—Well, Mr. Snagsby, there is the gardener out on the lawn. He has one unmarried daughter, and I hope you will go in and win.

## SMALL BY DEGREES, AND BEAUTIFULLY LESS—The Flannel Shirt.

"PRETTY NEAR" does n't count. The sunbeam that travels ninety-five million miles may be stopped seven feet from earth by a cheap umbrella.

THE LIGHTNING-BUG shows a light, but the potato-bug does n't give the potato any show.



#### A FINANCIAL SERIAL.

CUSSTEM (*the tailor, slightly out of patience*).—Do you know, Mr. Baggs, that you remind me of the continued story in a monthly magazine?

BAGGS.—Aw—why?

CUSSTEM.—Just when you've raised my expectation to the highest point you sour me by asking for another thirty days' wait!

#### EGOTISTICAL ALTRUISM.

"Here is a case of true generosity. A man stabbed by a ruffian has saved the would-be murderer from the gallows."

"Bless me! How?"  
"He recovered."

#### RELATIVE TERMS.

BELLE BALL.—But why do you call the pawnbroker your uncle?

JACK POTTS.—Because he lives with my ante.

MAN WANTS but little here below; but when he gets on top he wants the earth.

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME; but that is no excuse for treating one's family like a lot of paupers.

WHEN THE GREEN MAN comes to town and drops his yellow metal he departs very blue.

WE HEAR very little from the self-unmade man. He always lays the blame on other folk.

THERE IS plenty of room at the top; but the man who gets there tries to spread himself over four seats.

# TO MY SHADOW

#### I.

YOU SUN-SHELLED, empty husk of me—  
My shabby, shivering, doddering double—  
Too downcast, ay, to turn and flee  
From one who gives you only trouble;

#### II.

Across the *Llano* as I ride,  
Across the cañon as I stumble,  
Why dog you ever at my side,  
You aimless, bootless, shiftless jumble?

#### III.

Why can't you stay and scowl at home?  
I'm tired of this eternal tagging;  
And you, I know, dislike to roam—  
It's patent from your sulky lagging.

#### V.

The horse you back is bad as you,  
A sorry, stilted stack of angles;  
If I were Bayo here, I'd sue  
The scarecrow that his figure mangles.

#### V.

And as for what you make of me—  
You shifting, shuffling, slouching slander—  
Methinks the libel law should see  
To such kaleidoscopic candor.

#### VI.

Come over on the left and ride,  
And face, for once, your sire's long searching,  
Nor skulk upon my farther side,  
Like boy that dodges from a birching.

#### VII.

"You would, if you could be as bright  
As I?" Oh, that's another matter!  
"I cast you in the shade?" All right!  
I'll stop if you begin to flatter!

#### VIII.

One would n't dream, to look at you,  
Your tongue could such complaisance borrow.  
There goes the sun—what! Going, too?  
Well, then, good-by—until to-morrow.

*Chas. F. Lummis.*

#### A BROADWAY LANDMARK.

DENNIS MCQUADE (*just over*).—An' phot's that wid de shtape at de back ind, Barney?

BARNEY O'BRIANIGAN (*who has been over long enough to be a policeman*).—That's St. Paul's; but it's only the rare ind. of it you see fram Broadway. The front av it is behoind.

#### NOT MUCH DEPTH.

"Is he liberal in his views?"

"No; but he is rather broad in his conversation."

#### THE PLAGIARIST.

"He's very prolific. I don't see how he remembers all he writes."

"He seems to remember all he reads."

YOU CAN NOT run an engine well without its eccentricities—even so big a machine as this world.

THE TEA-KETTLE sings because it is always able to keep itself outside of hot water.

AMERICANS MAY NOT care much for titles, but what Colonel would sign himself: I?

THERE IS no use arguing against obstinacy. If you squeeze a burr it will prick you.

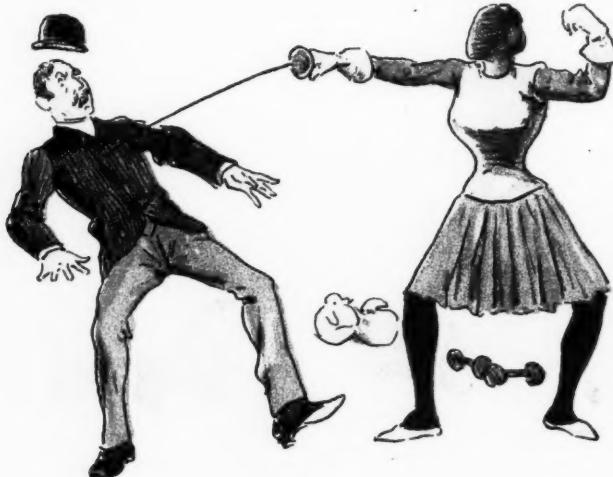
MUCH GOOD can be accomplished in a little time. The repartee you think of, fifteen minutes too late, might have cost you a friend.

THE OVER-DRESSED CHILD is always somebody else's.



THE NEXT AGGRESSION TO BE LOOKED FOR.

The "Submarine Advertising Company."



The Girl with the Fencing Fad.



The Girl with the Wag.

The Girl with the Banjo Fad.



The Girl with the Anise-bag Fad.



The Girl with the Swimming Fad.



The Girl with the Art Fad.

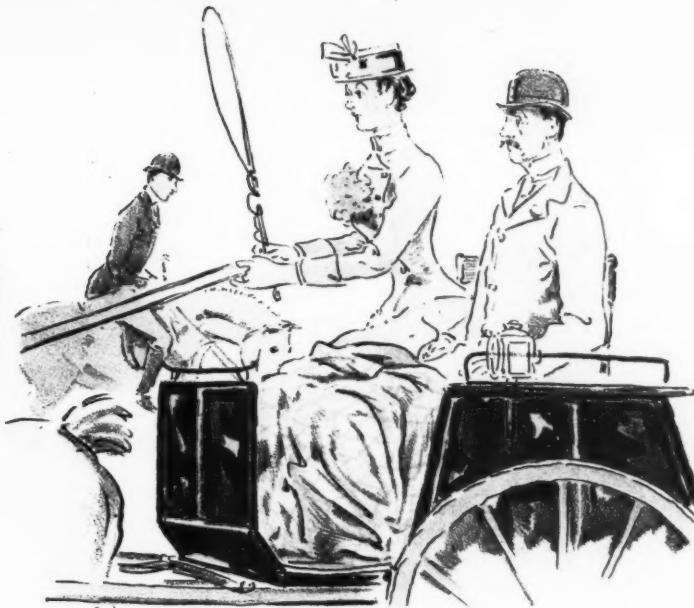


The Girl with the Complexion-mask Fad.

HIS GIRLS, AND THE ON



With the Wagner Fad.



The Girl with the Horsey Fad.



The Girl with the Ibsen Fad.



And the good little girl with never a fad  
Got him at last, and he still is glad.

THE ONE THAT GOT HIM.

# ALADDIN



NCE UPON A TIME there was a little boy named Aladdin who preferred to play "hookey" rather than to go to school and improve his mind.

One day while he was playing in a vacant lot, a stranger approached him and said:

"Are you not the son of Musty Furr, the tailor?"

The boy replied that he was, and added that he went to "Thirteenses" school, but had taken a holiday that day on account of a birth in the family.

"Then," exclaimed the stranger, "I am your long lost uncle, for I, too, went to 'Thirteenses', and staid away whenever there was a birth, death or marriage in the family."

The next day the stranger came to the little boy, and told him that he was a magician with a little open time on his hands, owing to the fact that the company with which he had been traveling was "resting" that week on Union Square. And

the magician took the boy to a wild gulch on Orange Mountain, and bade him enter a dark cavern and bring him an old lamp which he would find there. The boy found the lamp, and made his escape with it through a cleft in the rock, leaving the fakir sitting by the cave, and wondering why he did not appear. Aladdin started for New York on foot; but before he had gone very far he concluded to stop and polish up the lamp, in order that it might bring a better price in the junk-shop. So he sat down by the roadside, moistened his handkerchief, and began to scour the old copper lamp. But the moment he began to rub, the ground seemed to open before him, and there appeared a creature

which he recognized at once as a genie.

"What do you want?" demanded the genie.

"I want to get back to New York," gasped the astonished boy.

"Not an unusual wish in this neighborhood," replied the strange creature, as he seized Aladdin by the coat collar and deposited him the next minute in front of his mother's door. He was afraid to go in, because he had been away so long; and, as he hesitated, he took his handkerchief from his pocket and began to polish up the lamp, which he still carried under his arm. Instantly the genie appeared in a puff of queer-smelling smoke, and demanded:

"What do you want?"

"Something to square me with my mother," replied Aladdin; and in a moment the genie placed in his arms a huge bundle of kindling-wood, such as boys gather about new buildings.

Aladdin entered the house and gave his mother an account of his adventures. He showed her the wonderful lamp, and explained its properties. After that they lived happily for a number of years, depending on the lamp for whatever they wanted to eat, drink or wear.

And when the youth was in his twentieth year he attended the picnic of the Dennis Mahoney Association, and there beheld the beautiful Miss Maude Mahoney, the daughter of the eminent politician. And Aladdin fell in love with her at once, and went home and told his mother that he must marry her. But the old lady laughed him to scorn, saying that it would be useless for him to woo the child of the proud chief of the Public Manger, the man with the big "pull" at Albany.

Nevertheless, the young man went down to the Public Manger office the next day, and waited in the ante-room, in company with a number of gentlemen who desired employment "on the big pipes," and some others who wished to sell tickets for balls and target excursions, for election day was not far off. And when he was admitted to the presence of the "boss," he said to him: "Sir, I would like to marry your daughter."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Mahoney scornfully. "My daughter marry

a young man without a pull in his district! In what sort of style would you support her?"

"Meet me to-morrow at the Jersey City Ferry in time for the 10:03 train, and I will show you," was the answer.

And the politician reached the ferry-house at 9:48—so great was his anxiety—and had time to get the West Street mud scraped off his boots before Aladdin arrived. The 10:03 train took them to a hill overlooking the romantic plains which lie between Newark and Jersey City. And within five minutes' walk of the station they found a splendid palace lit by electricity, heated by steam, and containing all the other modern improvements. The genie met them at the door, and conducted them through the whole house, from top to bottom, finally leading them to the dining-room, where they "had something" out of a square wicker-covered bottle.

When the politician saw this beautiful palace he exclaimed: "Why, this mansion is for all the world like one described in a volume of fairy tales called 'Picturesque Homes on the Erie'!"

So he gave his consent to his daughter's marriage, and the ceremony took place the following day amid great pomp and splendor. And Aladdin's palace became the envy and admiration of all the people for many suburbs around. All the best families called on the young couple, and, when Aladdin and his bride gave a grand house-warming the wonder of his guests knew no bounds. For they saw that the chimneys all drew properly, that the front door could be slammed on a book-agent without menace to the glass jars in the cellar, that the fire never languished in the furnace, and—most marvelous of all—that the electric door-bell always worked.

These miracles were, of course, brought about by the genie, who spent his entire time in the palace attending to the various details of housekeeping. By the use of his magic arts he performed feats that were the talk of the whole region around.

He compelled farmers to sell him fresh vegetables and eggs of recent origin for very little more than they could realize by trucking them to New York, a dozen miles away. He could induce a native to spade up the garden, mend the fence or whitewash the hen-house, and that, too, at the very height of the fishing season. In short, there was absolutely nothing that the genie could not accomplish.

Meanwhile the magician who had first taken Aladdin to the cave of the wonderful lamp had been playing in hard luck. The company with which he was engaged had disbanded. And the disintegration had, unfortunately, taken place while they were harassing the northern part of the state of Michigan. It took the magician nearly two years to walk back to New York, and during that time he subsisted entirely on omelettes which he cooked in his own high hat, rabbits which he caught in the sleeves of his dress suit, and gold fish which he took from the glass globe in his coat tail pocket.

On reaching the metropolis he learned of Aladdin's prosperity, and knew that he owed it to the wonderful lamp. So he procured half-a-dozen new lamps, with patent devices for lighting and extinguishing, and boldly made his way to the suburban palace during the absence of the genie, who had gone over to the Guttenberg track to pick "mud winners" for his master.

The magician rang the electric bell, and boldly offered to exchange a new lamp for an old one. The mistress of the house was upstairs lying down, but she could not resist this opportunity for a trade (her grandfather on her mother's side amassed a large fortune from the product of a nutmeg grove in the vicinity of Hartford, Connecticut); so she took an old lamp that had long lain on a shelf in the store-room, went to the door and asked the magician what he would give "to boot" if she consented to exchange a veritable antique for two or three of his wretched Philistine abominations. In less than half an hour he had exchanged his entire stock





## AN ELEMENT OF DISTINCTION.

JETSAM.—How in the deuce did you come to admit that cad of a de Bylge to your club? He's the most—  
FLOTSAM.—S-sh! for heaven's sake, s-sh!! He owns his own boat!

of lamps for the old one, and sealed the bargain by throwing in a gratuitous performance of the goldfish trick, which he executed on the doormat in the presence of the entire household.

The faithful genie did not return that evening. He brought the money won at Guttenberg to his new master, the magician; and then, at the latter's command, erected a new palace on a high hill, and filled it with every modern convenience.

When Aladdin returned home that night and found what his wife had done he was enraged, and cried out, saying:

"Now all our good fortune is gone, and we are like other suburban residents, dependent for our daily bread on the local baker."

And from that day the fortunes of the Aladdin family began to fail. They could not get a man to spade up the garden, because the man had a job somewhere else. The rain descended and filled the cellar so that Aladdin had to go about in a flat-bottom boat when he fixed the furnace. When the "best people in the town" called at the house they could not get in, because the electric bell was out of order, and so they went away in high dudgeon. They spent all the money they had left in having the roof repaired and the leak in the bath-tub stopped up. Finally

they became so poor that they kept thirteen dogs; and then Aladdin put on sackcloth, and threw ashes, of which the cellar was full, upon his head, and beat his breast, and cried "Allah, be merciful to me!"

And now the magician was in the swim, for all the best people called on him, and invited him to join the suburban club, and subscribe to the village band and the base-ball nine. And soon he became so popular that a committee of Independent Citizens nominated him for road commissioner. So he "yielded to the wishes of his friends" and became a candidate. Then, in order to make himself "solid" with the working classes, he announced a grand entertainment for the benefit of the local Bricklayers' Union. And Aladdin, hearing of this, resolved to defeat the plans of the wicked fakir; so he attended the performance disguised as a countryman in humble circumstances and of limited intelligence. He seated himself on the front bench, and by dint of gazing in open-mouthed wonder at the "professor" was soon selected as a

"gentleman from the audience" to step upon the stage and make a guy of himself. While the magician was preparing for the great card trick, Aladdin espied in a small basket the wonderful lamp, which was evidently to be used in the "Inexplicable Phenomena" at the close of the entertainment.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said the fakir, advancing to the front of the stage, "I have here the ace of hearts, which I will—"

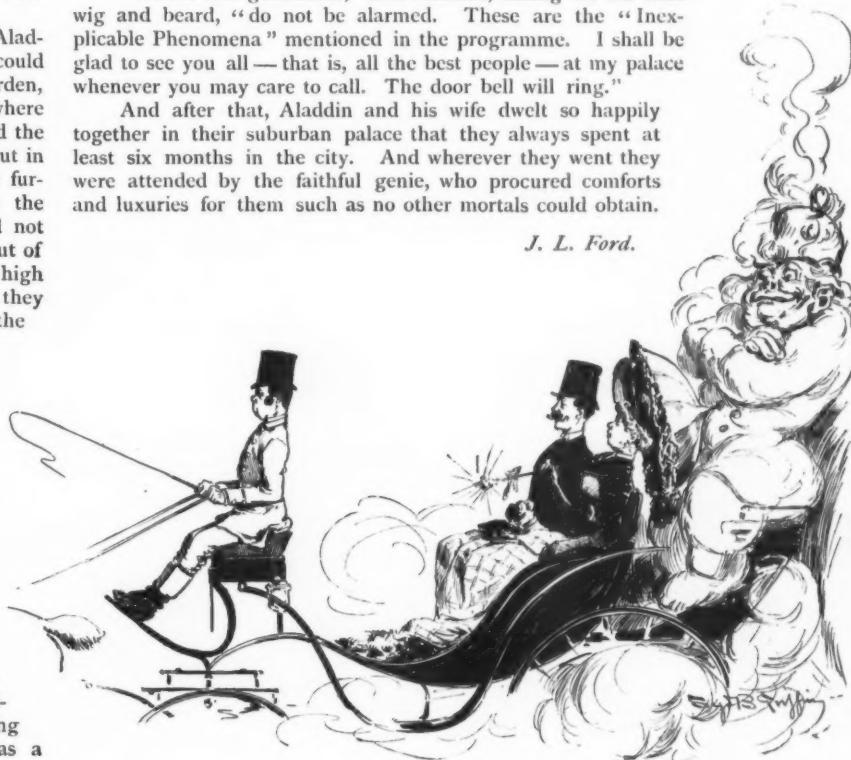
But at this instant Aladdin sprang across the stage at a single bound, seized the lamp, and rubbed it across his coat-sleeve, bringing the genie into his presence at once.

"Seize this man and away with him!" he exclaimed; and the faithful genie obeyed, while the people remained spell-bound with surprise.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Aladdin, taking off his false wig and beard, "do not be alarmed. These are the "Inexplicable Phenomena" mentioned in the programme. I shall be glad to see you all—that is, all the best people—at my palace whenever you may care to call. The door bell will ring."

And after that, Aladdin and his wife dwelt so happily together in their suburban palace that they always spent at least six months in the city. And wherever they went they were attended by the faithful genie, who procured comforts and luxuries for them such as no other mortals could obtain.

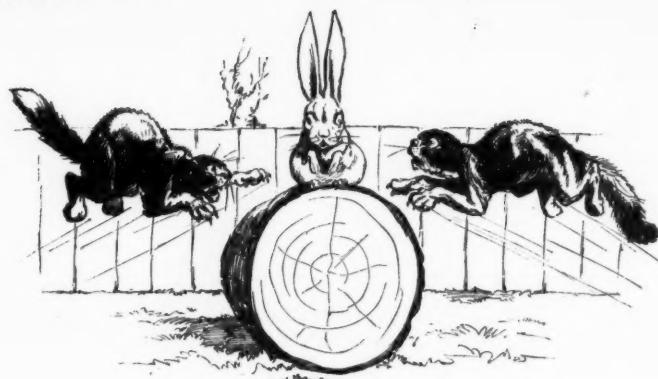
J. L. Ford.



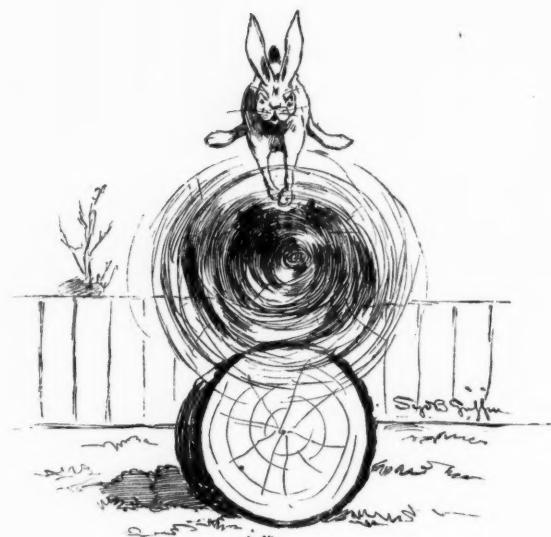
## A SURPRISE PARTY.



I.



II.



III.



IV.

### MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

IT IS SAID that great men retain vivid recollections of the scenes and incidents of their childhood. Perhaps they do. If their writings are founded upon verity, they do certainly.

They remember the old abbey that filled them with dread and dismay; they remember the crumbling tombstones in the churchyard, with the moss-covered epitaphs; they can see to their latest day the prim rectory, or the parsonage.

And "perhaps there were years, perhaps only days, between the life among these and the later life in the Southdowns, where the wind was always blowing, and great ships were always sailing in the great arm of the sea."

They recall the bronzed old hulk of a sailor, with his strange sea-words, the boats he used to whittle out for them with his cutlass or marlinspike, and the mimic voyages they took to China and Holland. They recall the Squire's little black-eyed niece—she is still looking out at them from the past.

Well, let her look. It is probably easy enough to be a great man when a person is in youth situated where these interesting objects are found native; but I could not remember any crumbling abbey, without making myself out a liar, nor any explorations of the wind-swept downs.

I can not recall any sailor; I do not "remember my father as a quiet, still man, not fond of children, I think;" and if a historian were to found himself on my memory, he would have to write that there were no rough hunting, shooting squires in my neighborhood. It was evidently planned by the Fates that I should never be a great man, for none of the things that great men remember with such stunning effect were located in my vicinity.

Probably I could never have been a fluent memorist anyhow. Probably Nature intended me for the deposition, affidavit and witness-chair president of a large corporation.

I could not possibly remember how "the Count laid his hand upon his sword," and how my father "gave him one swift look." These things probably happened, only I do not remember them.

"When my mother came down dressed for the ball, there was a hectic flush on each cheek." No doubt of it, only I have forgotten it entirely; and it has quite slipped my memory that "the days which followed our return from London were bleak and drear."

All that I can remember, anyhow, are a few things that I recall by thinking back. But these would not make a novel, and they would not comprise more than people knew at the time.

There was an occasion, quite disconnected from any other occasion before or after, when I had been sitting on the floor, trying to make friends with my grandfather by petting his cur dog—most appropriately named Curly. The cur bit me through the cheek, and I thought I could not yell

loudly enough to express my feelings, and my grandfather stated that "it served him right." My old-maid aunt, more than twenty-five years old, inquired of the pleasant old man if he were not ashamed.

He was n't.

I do not remember whether the wound ever got well or not.

Again I with difficulty climbed into a buggy standing at our gate. The horse, (named Mike,) with true Irish treachery, made an excuse of the circumstances to move off. He walked, he trotted, he trotted faster. I went sailing through the village streets, remarking, as I am credibly informed:

"I don't want to go! I don't want to go!"

Thus early I evinced a vein of truthfulness.

I remember a blue cloak I once had. It came to my knees, and must have been fourteen inches long. I tore this cloak, and the white cotton came out at the rent. "And I had done an awful deed."

Coleridge tore his cloak in youth, and thus came to know what a really terrible thing remorse is, and what is irremediable crime. I remember, one day, I got whipped five times, and people claimed I resembled Napoleon the Little or the Cuban revolutionists.

*Williston Fish.*

### A BIT OF INSECTOLOGY.

The hornet has a golden coat,  
A buzz much like a rocket;  
And, O ye foolish! heed the note!  
A loaded pistol pocket.

### THE RULING PASSION.

RESCUER (*to DROWNING WOMAN*).—Now, Madam, don't struggle and we're safe; the lake is as clear as a mirror, and—

DROWNING WOMAN.—Oh, let me look in it! I think my back hair is coming down.

### PROFESSIONAL COURTESY.

MRS. UNNIZI.—John, I think there's a burglar down in the hall.

MR. UNNIZI.—Let him stay there. There's nothing he can take except that umbrella I borrowed from Jones.

### HAD CHANGED HIS MIND.

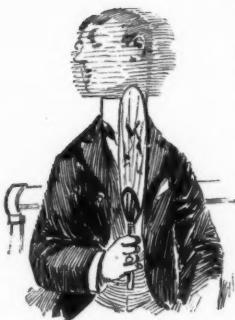
MR. TIMON TYDE.—You promised me last year that you would give me another chance this Summer.

MISS DILLY D'ALLER (*expectantly*).—I remember.

MR. TIMON TYDE.—Well, Dilly, dear, won't you release yourself from that promise?



## REST FOR THE WEARY.



THE CHURCH was crowded, the weather hot,  
A seat in the gallery the young man's lot.  
Arrayed in garments of royal hue,  
Adorned with eyes that were baby blue,  
A costly ring on his soft white hand,  
He smiling sat, and fanned and fanned.  
His wrist grown weary with the heavy fan,  
An idea struck his bright tympan—  
Um! "A man must rest!" he whispering  
said,  
And holding it still, he waved his head!

## HOW THE TRAGEDY WAS SPOILED.

OTHELLO JACKSON (*of Thompson Street*).—How 'bout dat han'-kercher I give yo'? I done foun' it in dat white man Cassio's room!  
DESDEMONA JACKSON.—Lawks-a-massy! I mus' ha' got it mixed up wif his basket o' washin'!

## OUT OF HIS POWER.

JACK UPPERS.—Can you lend me a ten, Checkly?  
CHECKLY.—No; I've tried to do so; but you always seem to think it's a gift!

## THE SECRET OF IT.

S. QUIBBS.—I don't understand how you manage to sell so many jokes about editors and contributors.  
J. OAKES.—Ah, it is quite simple. I always put the witty part of the dialogue into the mouth of the editor.

GREEN AND RED are complementary colors. When a man has plenty of greenbacks, he can paint the town red.



## THE CRAZE OF THE DAY.

Apparently there is nothing suspicious about a banjo case, a basket, a hat box and a leather bag—

## NO WONDER HE'S BUSY.

How doth the little busy bee  
Improve the passing hours  
In gathering up the sweets of life,  
And dodging all the sours!

"EVIL IS WROUGHT by want of thought." Also, optimistic singer, by thought of want.

EATEN OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME—Picnic Dinners.

FARMER WAYBACK.—All my pigs broke out last night and the constable put them in the pound.  
FARMER WISE.—Take care of the pens and the pounds will take care of themselves.



## A CLOSE SHAVE.

FATHER.—Did n't I tell you—I would whip you if I caught you in the water again?  
SON.—Yes, sir; and that's the reason I hurried out when I saw you coming.

## THE DIFFERENCE POINTED OUT.

"Good sir," said the humorist as he entered the clothing store, "you sell goods for cash only, do you not?"  
"One price, C. O. D.," answered the merchant, who was a man of few words.  
"Then," replied the humorist, "I shall go over to Hooray's, for he will give me time."  
"Nay," replied the merchant; "Hooray's is a cash establishment, also."  
"Yes," answered the humorist, smiling, for all had gone well, and now was the time for his joke; "I know it is; but he gives away a stem-winding watch with every suit. Do you not see that I can get time there?"  
"You err," said the merchant; "you mistake the watch. Tick you get, but derned little time;" and the humorist departed ill-pleased, while the merchant gazed into space as before.



But the amateur camera fiend carries his deadly machine concealed in all sorts of disguises, nowadays.

## BIDDY'S DREAM.



Y WIFE, BIDDY O'DWYER, is the quietest, da-  
centest crathur in this world. The work she  
can do and her industry bates creation, and  
she's asy kept up, too, for its very little she  
ates, and drinks nothin' at all.

She has a fine cowld hand for the butter,  
which same guided and directed me in  
my choice the day I towld ould O'Dwyer  
I'd take his Biddy with ten pounds down,  
the ould bay mare, and my pick of his  
runners, and if he'd give me two out of  
them, I'd ax no fat pig, for there was n't  
a man in Ireland, let alone Connaught,  
that had purtier fat pigs than Mike  
O'Dwyer.

"Aye! Mike," says I, "I'll take your  
Biddy," says I, "before and foreinst Jane  
or Kitty Duff, who are posted up on the chapel

for fifty pounds a piece, and two three-year-old heifers; and more by token," says I, "I'll give her such a haulin' home as what Queen Victoria herself might be proud of, and the Miss Duffs'll be in it too, to dance their quadrilles and their boarding-school airs, while Biddy and I will tune up a good ould Irish jig, which I always towld ould Lynch, the piper, was the finest dance in the world, and I always held to a girl that could airm her bread."

Well, Mike, he agreed with me on every p'int, only he would not have his colleen to go in on the flure with the mother, who was livin' with me at the same time.

I towld him punctually that I'd never shew the ould mother the dure, and on that we nearly split, but me sister, Jenny, who married Mike Dougherty's son's wife's brother, came, and she says, says she, "let the ould mother come live with me, where she'll always have a hearty welcome, and an eye after the little gossoons when meself is out."

Well, it was fixed that way, and a fine weddin' we had, sorra less, roast beef and swate cake, and lashins of whiskey, and the height of good luck; and the finest family we've had since, and a complater couple there is n't on the townland. But after all, Biddy has one failin'; she's a shockin' dhrammer, the shockinist dhrammer ever I come across. There's not a mornin', good luck to her, but she'll have this: "Oh, John, I dhramed a dhrame;" and I'll say, "Whisht, now, Biddy," but she'll have it out in the spite of me.

Faix! I believe if it was kep' in on her she'd choke. Well, one mornin', anyhow, she begun:

"John, I dhramed a quare dhrame."

"Now," says I to meself, "John, you are in for it, any way."

"Yes, John," said she, "I dhramed a dhrame, and when I dhrame it's sure to come in true," says she.

"Oh," says I, "sometimes it does, and more times it does n't."

"Well," says she, "any way I dhramed a dhrame, and in my dhrame I seen two black rats lookin' across the wall. The black rats is inimies, John, and the wall is your protection. Then all of a suddint I seen their fiery eyes lookin' at you. That showed they were fierce agin you. Then I saw that one had on Jack Dooner's new frieze coat, and the other Mike Farrel's ould caubbeen; that showed me who they were. Then I saw they

had two long grinnin' teeth apiece, and great claws, which towld me they had a power to injure you. So then I jined to study the wall that was your purtection, John, and I seen that it was hung all over with Father Pether's robes and vistmints; so now, John, take heed to what I say, and whatsoever there is betux John Dooner, Mike Farrell and yourself, tell it all fair and straight to Father Pether."

"Ah, don't be botherin' us," says I, and I knowin' well what she meant.  
"Tell it all to Father Pether," says she.

"Hould your tongue," says I; and with that I tuk up my hat, and out I walked.

"You'll have no luck till ye do," she shouted after me.

Well, I went on to land the praties, but what she said stuck in me mind the whole mortal day; not that meself ever gave in to her dhrames, but it happened that the week before, Mike Farrell, Dooner and meself, whose farms all mearined with that villain Duff's big farm, had a differ with Duff about mendin' the gaps, and we left it on Father Pether to arbitrate, and he give it agin us.

So we swore we'd pull the wisends out of every Duff on the townland, and tar and feather Father Pether himself; and we were due to do it the same next night, it bein' Thursday, the market day of Ballycroughoo, and a holiday market too, and Duff was to drive Father Pether on his own side car. Well, not a time I'd put in the loy to turn a sod that day, but I kep' twistin' it in my mind what I'd do, for I knew well that it was very disrespectful and a great liberty intirely for us to take with his Riverence, and still I felt loth to turn on me friends, and I knew they were both madder agin him nor I was meself, and that I would never turn them from their just revenge. So when I come in to my dinner, the wife says to me, says she:

"John, the praties are n't biled yet, nor won't this half hour; I had to bile an extra pot for the pigs, the crathurs, good luck to them, an' growin', an' thrivin', and 'atin' out of the face. They're iligant feeders as iver I seen. Here's yer Sunday hat, John," says she.

"What do I want with my Sunday hat," says I, but I tuk hoult of it, all the same, and out I stepped ag'in, and I says, "Biddy," says I, "if I do this, we must quit the country at onst."

"John," says she, and she tuk hoult of me two hands, "you're an honest man, and are n't we under notice for non-payment of rent, and have n't I beyant sixty pounds in the ould stocking, and the childher are hardy, God bless 'em, and my father 'ud take the thrifle of stock off our hands, and supposin' we had to make a moonlight flittin' itself, what better could we do nor go to Ameriky, where I have siven first cousins am me great-grandmother Clark's side of the house, and more nor that of near friends. So, John, dear, don't let the boys tempt you to do any thing agin your conscience;" and with that she pushed me through the dure, and off I went and towld Father Pether the whole business, and got full absolution, good luck to his Riverence.

"And now, John, you misfortunate crathur, what do you mane to be afther doin'?" says he, "for I know them fellows well, and afther this day's work ye can't stay here." So then I up and towld what Biddy said, and he wrote and tuk the passages for the whole of us, and we started two days after, by the assisted immigration, and that's how Biddy's dhrame dhrove us all out of the country.

But we done right well ever since, and had no cause to regret it, for we threw apace, and the seven daughters made the best of good matches, and the boys did raal well, too, for I gave them an iligant education.

Biddy and meself takes no sort of throuble about any thing now, but just sits and smokes our pipes in peace and comfort.

As to the ould country, I hear from all parts how all the neighbors regretted us so much that they boycotted the farm, and no one has dared to luk at it since, only them as lives close by grazes their cattle on it in peace and comfort; only ould Duff, which is a comfort to me, he is obliged to keep up his fences and not let a tail in on it.

So much for the ould country, which I still love in my heart, for there's no land like it for real pleasure and friendliness and good-fellowship and neighborly, too; for if it had n't been for the neighbors, I'd never have left it.

George H. Jessop.



ESTABLISHED 1822.

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"A bad penny always turns up."  
"So does a retroussé nose."

ALWAYS REVOLVING.  
"Miss Pacethal goes around a good deal."  
"Yes. She's a regular spinster."

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SCISSORS.—Well, how's the outlook?  
CLIPPING.—Rather glue me.

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newspapers; and some of them carry it so  
far that they won't even give credit for a joke.



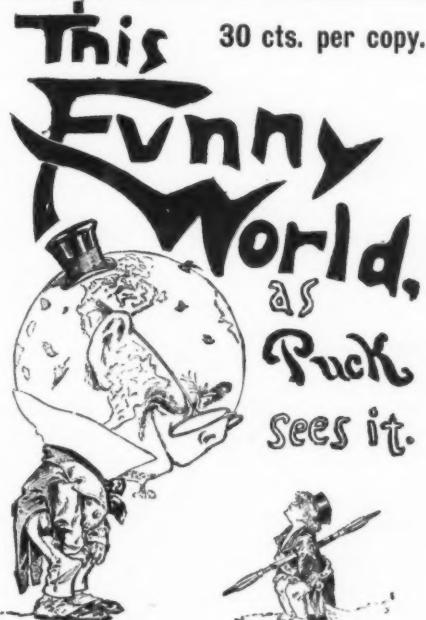
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THE CLERK "ON HIS METAL."

Pay-day I with gold was glad,  
Sunday still I chinked my "tin;"  
Monday I but silver had,  
Tuesday blew my nickel in;  
Wednesday my last "copper" spun,  
Thursday borrowed on my "brass;"  
Friday, when I got a dun,  
Iron pierced my soul, alas!

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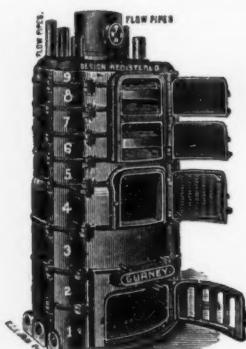
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HOFFMAN HOWES.—Well, Rockie, I've had a new expewience to-day.

ROCKAWAY BEECHE.—What is it, me deah bhoys?

HOFFMAN HOWES.—I wore a wed tie for the first time.

"EXCEPTIONS ONLY prove the rule, you know."

"Probably that is why the Golden Rule is so well established."

WORRY RHYMES with hurry in fact as well as sound.

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## THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.

UNCLE JOHN.—Well, my little man, what do you intend to be when you grow up?

BOBBY.—A barkeeper.

UNCLE JOHN (*horrified*).—What?

BOBBY.—Yep; there's only one chance in fifty millions to be President; so I'd rather go it easy, and be a President-maker!

## A VERY LOUD BAWL.

"Great Heavens, what a smell! You can almost hear it. What is it?"

"Must be a codfish bawl."

"HOW OFTEN we entertain angels unawares!"

"Yes; but in most cases they would n't get the entertainment if they did n't preserve their incognito."

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"Ballet."  
"It's a go. I'll take it."

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LAMB.—Why so?

BEAR BROKER.—Why, my dear fellow, if the Bulls had their way grass would grow on Wall Street.

LAMB.—Well, that would be good for us. We might get a nibble once in a while.

A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

HAPPY FATHER.—Well?

DOCTOR.—Twins.

HAPPY FATHER (*in surprise*).—Wh—what, both of 'em?

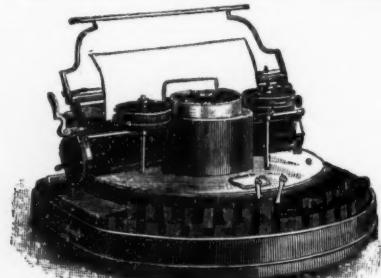
BACCHUS PROBABLY.

It is the man with the strawberry nose who remarks: "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends rough; hue them as we may."

ECONOMY SHOULD NOT be carried to such an excess as to destroy beauty. A flutter of skirts looks charming in the wind; but when the same wind reveals the lining, or sham-skirt, or what d' ye call it, the mixture is as bad as champagne and warm water.

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And I at my window stand.  
There is gloom upon my brow—  
Clenched is my angry hand.

I must climb upon a chair  
To the whole wide street displayed;  
While with hammer and with tacks  
I fix up that fallen shade!

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"Yes; once."

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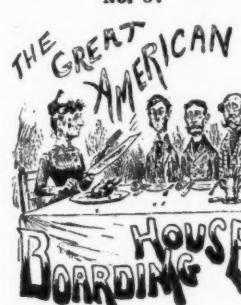
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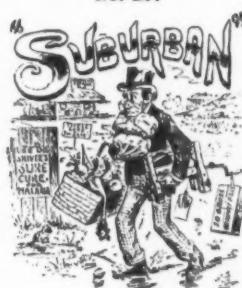


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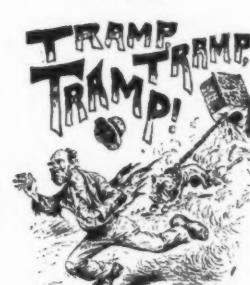
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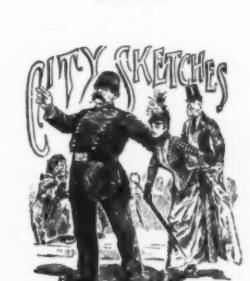
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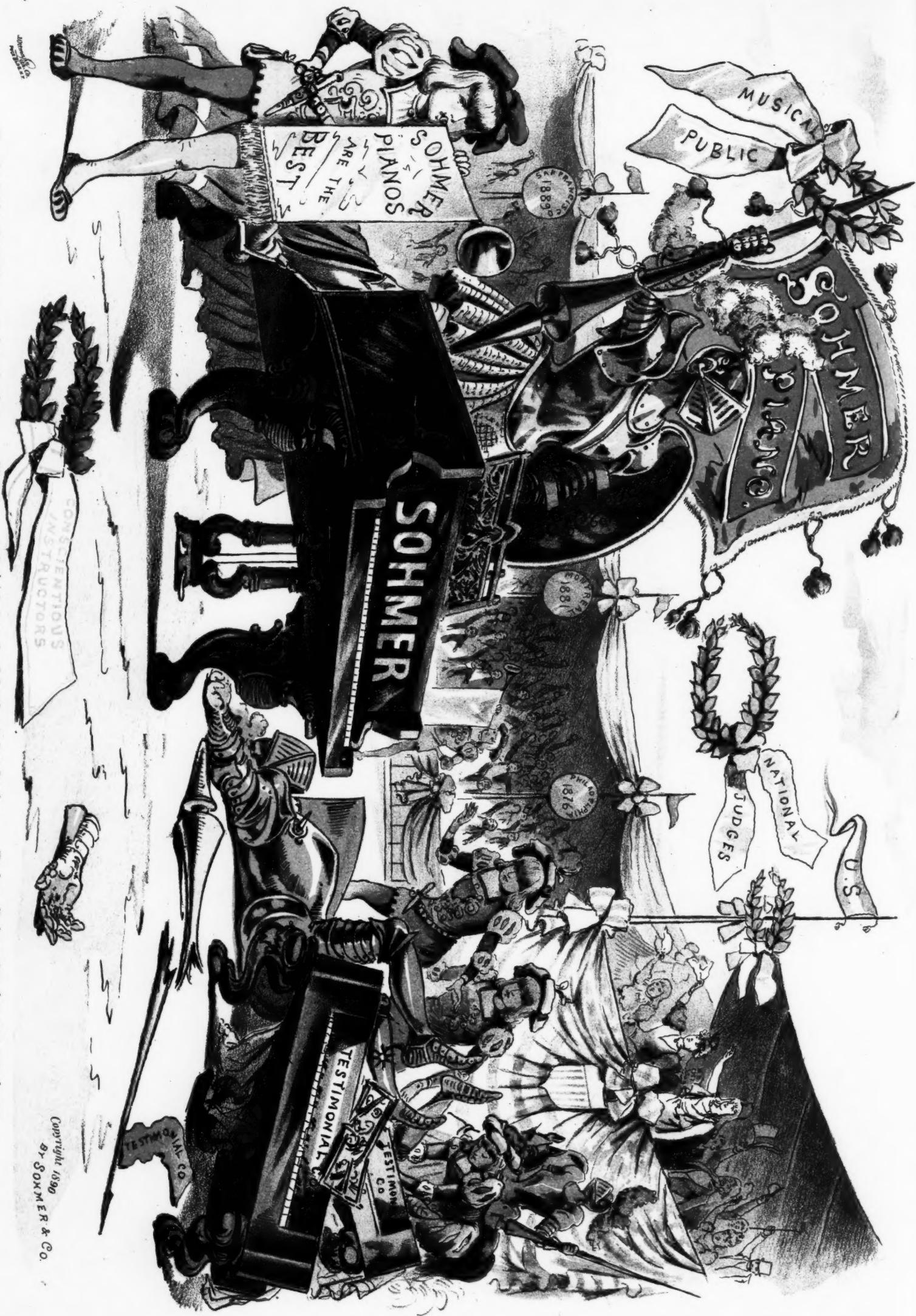


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Oh, who is the victor who comes from the fray  
So sparkling and glorious, so gallant and gay? —  
T is SOMMER victorious, as always before,  
His antagonist humbled and brought to the floor.

There's a moral attached to the fight that's just fought —  
That an honest success must be earned and not bought.  
You may buy testimonials and such little things;  
But the money is better put into good strings.

To buy all the artists that ever were known  
Won't give a cheap instrument musical tone —  
And the reason that SOHMER comes out in first place  
Is this — 't is the *instrument* settles the *case*.

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